

THE  
MONTHLY OFFERING.

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JULY, 1840.

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OUR OBJECT.

WE have often been strongly impressed with the importance and necessity of a cheap Anti-Slavery periodical which could be afforded so low that every one might procure it, who had a desire to become acquainted with the nature and influence of slavery, and the means employed for its removal.

The great body of the people of the free states are, and ever have been, in feeling and sympathy, abolitionists. The absence of all opposition to, and the great interest manifested by them for the colonization scheme, during the time it was held up before them as competent to remove slavery from the land, is conclusive evidence of the truth of this proposition. If the same influences which were enlisted for colonization, could be marshalled in favor of immediate and unconditional emancipation, the slavery sustained by the General Government of the United States, *the very life-guard of the whole system*, would at once be hewn down, leaving the confused ranks of slavery in the several states, unprotected by this great ally, an easy prey to the all-subduing influence of moral principle. The reason, then, why our cause has been treated with so much oppo-

sition, contempt, and indifference is, that the avenues to the understanding and sympathy of the people have been hedged up. Those who imbued their souls with love for that scheme, have inspired them with disgust to the anti-slavery cause, and supreme contempt for those associated with it.

This state of feeling has been effected by the declarations of those who stand high in this world's estimation, that the Africans were designed by Providence to occupy an inferior and menial station in the society of the more favored whites; that they were contented in their situation; that the movements of abolitionists were rolling back the day of their redemption, and necessarily tending to create insurrection, murder and rapine; that it was a direct violation of the spirit of the constitution to discuss the subject at the North; besides a thousand and one other objections that were daily retailed by the haters of freedom. Our hope and the hope of the slave, is in the people, but they can never be made to act until they can be reached, and all these objections removed. This, in connection with the weekly contribution, will be the design of "The Offering." It will be our endeavor to enlist sympathy for the cause, by holding up to view the suffering and benighted slave. Our articles shall be adapted to the wants of those who have read but little upon the subject, at the same time that they are interesting to the more advanced in the school of anti-slavery.

This little work was originally designed to aid and encourage the collectors and contributors to "THE WEEKLY CONTRIBUTION PLAN" in their work of love and mercy, to

insist upon the latter to be punctual in their payments, and to urge most earnestly upon the former to be prompt and regular in making their monthly collections, inasmuch as the entire success of the system depends upon the efforts of both; to remind them of the wrong and outrage that is imposed upon three millions of native-born Americans, to show them why their prayers, influence and worldly substance should be consecrated to redeem them from the most revolting system of cruelty and oppression the world ever saw. Yet it is hoped that "THE OFFERING," through the efforts of its friends, will gain admission to the hearts of thousands, who never have, as yet, bestowed one serious thought upon the subject. On their efforts its circulation will depend. If they think it adapted to promote the interest of the cause, will they not take prompt and efficient means to secure its circulation? Many of our best writers have engaged to furnish tales, &c. for "The Offering." Something of this kind, very interesting, may be expected from our brother HIRAM WILSON, of Toronto, Upper Canada, who is devoting all his time in educating those fugitives from our republic, who have taken refuge in *Victoria's dominions*. "*The Offering*" will be issued monthly, and sent to single subscribers one year for 37 1-2 cents, but to encourage our friends to aid in its circulation **FOUR COPIES**, or 48 pamphlets like this, will be sent to **ONE ADDRESS** for one dollar. Payment must invariably be made in advance. These terms will be rigidly adhered to.

All communications and remittances must be addressed, postage paid, to the subscriber, 25 Cornhill, Boston, Mass.  
Boston, July, 1840. J. A. COLLINS.

## I FEAR THE SLAVE WILL GET NO BENEFIT FROM IT.

When those who profess to be friends of the slave are asked to contribute money in aid of his cause, the reply of many of them is, "I fear the slave will get no benefit from it. None of it reaches him."

Now that there may be people who honestly entertain this opinion, we are not disposed to deny; though, if it be true, their integrity is saved at the sacrifice of their judgment and common sense. But we have no hesitation in saying, that by far the larger part of these descendants of "Walter the Doubter" make this objection mainly, if not solely, for the sake of having, at least, the shadow of an excuse for drawing tight their purse-strings, and coldly and heartlessly turning a deaf ear to the wailings of the "peeled, and the meted and outcasts of earth," and to the earnest appeals for assistance from the friends of the scourged and imbruted bondman, to liberate him from his dark and dreary prison-house.

So, then, you are afraid the slave will get no benefit from the money you are called upon to furnish the anti-slavery society to carry on its operations. Friend, whoever you may be, let me ask you, before God and your own conscience, how much of real sympathy there is in your heart, when you urge this objection, for the millions who are now writhing under the lash of the driver's whip, or are toiling in the rice-swamp, or the cotton field, to support in luxury and idleness their inhuman taskmasters? You love the slave, do you? You are an abolitionist. You recognize the duty of feeling for those in bonds as bound with them. Yes; and when you are called upon to give of your abundant means for the destruction of a system which surely may be regarded as the climax of all iniquity, as the keystone to the great Babel of sin and misery which has spread over our earth, and which now towers toward heaven,—as the masterpiece in the devil's store-house of

means for marring the beauty of the moral universe, while every breeze that is wafted from the South is freighted with the groans and tears of the bleeding captive, telling us in the heart-breaking accents of unutterable woe, something of the wrong and outrage which slavery inflicts upon her victims,—while this highly favored but dreadfully guilty nation is sinking deeper and deeper from day to day in oppression and crime, and is fast ripening for an untimely and miserable end,—while there is an apathy in the public mind which one would think might cause the very stones in the streets to cry out, or there is seen a base subserviency to the slaveholding power which threatens to blight the fairest prospects of freedom throughout the world,—while all this is seen and felt around us, when you are called upon for assistance to avert the ruin which impends over us, you reply with the greatest *sang froid* imaginable, "You dont know as it will benefit the slave." Well, my friend, to your own master you stand or fall. But let me entreat you, by every thing that can move the impulses of a generous heart, to ponder well your course, and no longer to occupy that position, so fatal to the interests of humanity, in which this objection places you.

N. H. W.

The above article of our brother "N. H. W." ought to make every one blush for shame, who makes an apology like the above to satisfy himself for not contributing to sustain the great cause of human rights.

Slavery is not only at war with the rights and interests of the slave, but with the whole country. This proposition is susceptible of the clearest demonstration. When the nature and influence of slavery can be fully and clearly presented to the great mass of the people, their own interests will at once, as a matter of sound expediency, lead them to give their testimony for its immediate abolition. Hence it is that those who are directly or indirectly interested in its continuance, are so unwilling that its merits should have

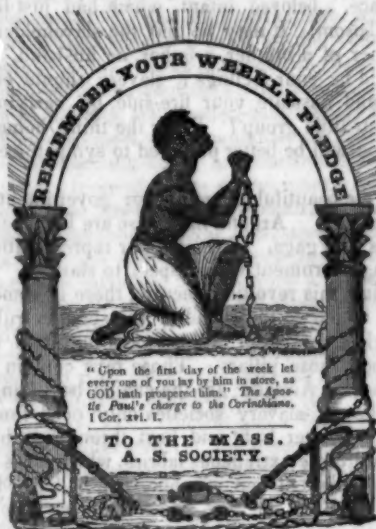
a free, full, and candid investigation. Free inquiry, when applied to slavery, will produce the same effect upon that system as the application of the match to the magazine.

All that is necessary, for the successful overthrow of this odious and soul-destroying system, is, that the people should be enlightened. Its cruelties should be exhibited—the prejudices of education should be removed—they should be made to see the native capabilities and resources of the colored race, and their oneness with the human family. We have every thing on our side *but the interest of a few*, to aid us in its destruction. The religion and politics of the land are its deadliest foe. The natural feelings of the soul revolt at the very idea of one man's imbruting his fellow, while all the feelings of the heart gush forth in sympathy for him in his suffering condition.

The minds of the people, then, must necessarily be enlightened before our hopes can be realized. But how can we expect the people to rush to the rescue of *Liberty* before they are aware that she has been assailed? "*And how shall they believe on him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach, except they be sent?*"

Arrayed against us as are the leaders both in church and state—shut out as we are from the sympathies of the *wise*, the *noble* and the *rich*, we are under the necessity of using all the means which God hath given us, to fight our way through this pro-slavery life-guard, to obtain access to the hearts and sympathies of the people, the laboring people, who get their bread by the sweat of their face. These instrumentalities are the circulation of books, pamphlets, and papers, and, above all, the sustaining of preachers or lecturers. These all require money. The printer, the paper-maker, &c., cannot work without the means to sustain themselves—the lecturers and the editors must have food and clothing for themselves and families. Their obligations to devote their labors for the slave are no greater than your own. If you are permitted to remain

at home and enjoy the society of your family and friends, you are under the highest moral obligations to aid in sustaining those who devote their time to the prosecution of this cause. They should, of all men, be free from pecuniary embarrassments. All their time, influence and energies should be used to gain admittance to the understandings and consciences of the people. It is your duty, then, instead of throwing in these icy objections, to anticipate their few wants, by giving freely as God prospers you.



### THE WEEKLY CONTRIBUTION BOX.

Have you purchased one of those beautiful little contribution boxes, in which to deposit your weekly offering for

the bondman's redemption? If you have not, we would advise you to procure one forthwith, and give it a conspicuous place in the most public room in your house, where it may plead for suffering and outraged humanity. It will cost you but six and a quarter cents. A picture like the above adorns the front of the box. Behold the woman upon her knees, in chains! What sorrow and anguish are depicted upon her countenance. Perhaps she is a sister or daughter, or what is more probable, she is a poor distressed mother, imploring the GREAT GOD, with clasped hands, and earnestness equal to the occasion, to restore to her embrace, a beloved infant, which had just been torn from her bosom. It may be that the slaveholder has just deprived her of a brother, a father, or husband. Reader, what would be your feelings if slavery should enter your dwelling and desolate your fire-side, by carrying away one of your little group? Bring the thing home to yourself, and you will be better prepared to sympathize with the oppressed.

Look at the beautiful pillars of our government, entwined with chains. Around their base are fetters and clogs, and whips and gags. This is a fair representation of our republican government with respect to slavery. But, notwithstanding this revolting picture, there is something in the scene, which to the friend of the slave is truly cheering. Mark the rays of light emanating from the arch resting upon those pillars. Those rays contain not only light but heat. Already are the chains beginning to melt away. The anti-slavery societies only need funds to enable them to scatter light and heat throughout the Union, by which all these extraneous fabrics, which have gathered around the pillars of our republic, will be burned to dross and cinder. Fail not, then, as soon as you secure one of these depositories, to decide in view of your conscience and your God—in view of the degraded, brutalized, and benighted slave—in view of the declaration of your *Divine Master*, “and as ye would that men should do unto you, do ye also unto them likewise,”—we say, in view of all these



considerations, fail not to decide what shall be the amount of your weekly oblation, and then in view of that decision, let every returning Sabbath morning be a witness that you "*Remember those in bonds as bound with them.*"



### MONTHLY CONCERT FOR THE ENSLAVED.

Why is it that the anti-slavery monthly concert is not established in your town? It cannot be because you have no time to spare. Do you not attend conference meetings, and political meetings, and social parties, &c. &c.? You can meet with your friends to pray for the conversion of the heathen across the waters, or beyond the Rocky Mountains, or for a revival in your own neighborhood, or for the conversion of a father, wife, sister, daughter, or some dear friend. You can meet with committees of bank, steamboat, rail-road, meeting-house and hundreds of other corporations, half a score of times every month without any inconvenience; but when you are requested to meet once a month to plead for the temporal and eternal interests of millions of the most degraded heathen in the world, forsooth you cannot command time for such a purpose. What interest have you, my friends, in the slave, when you will offer an apology like this?

Let no consideration prevent your establishing the concert forthwith in your place. Let the last Monday in every month witness your wrestlings with God for the bondman's deliverance. Let efficient plans be there made for the successful prosecution of the cause for the coming month. Let every collector have the monthly subscription collected, and then pay it over to the Treasurer, that our friend Chapman can have the money to apply to the cause as soon as may be. During every moment of delay the slave is in chains. We want to hear his ransom shout. We long to mingle our praises with his, on the great day of his redemption.

## OH! HOW HAPPY!!!

The following anecdote from our brother Bishop proves conclusively that the slaves are possessed with the same feelings and emotions, and governed by the same motives and influences which would govern others under like circumstances. Read it, and judge for yourselves.

## For the Offering.

"Why do you not get a wife?" said I, jokingly, one evening to a noble looking and noble hearted man of dark skin, in Virginia. "Why," he replied, looking very serious and sad, "if I must answer you, it is because I consider myself to be a *tight bound slave*. All my time and all my earnings belong to my master, so that it would be impossible for me to bestow upon a wife those little attentions which a husband should. I become so fatigued through the day, that I cannot work in the night to procure presents and little necessities for her. Besides, if I had a wife, she would belong to some other master, so that I could not even visit her without going away to a distance, on foot, at times when I should greatly need sleep and rest. Under these and similar disabilities, I think it better for me to remain as I am. Why should I have a wife, when I cannot be a husband to her? Do you not think that I am right?"

Do slaves desire freedom? was a question that I involuntarily asked myself, and the answer rushed over my mind from the look and tone of that chained man before me. He felt that he was a slave, and his very countenance showed that his emotions were all after freedom. I shall never forget that conversation, nor can I forget that now while I am writing, this man, so noble, and so capable, is laboring for another without reward, or, to use his own words, as a "*tight bound slave*." Let us persevere in our anti-slavery labors, till from his limbs and the limbs of his two million seven hundred thousand associates, the fetters are all melted away.

J. P. B.

### THE SPIRIT WHICH WILL EFFECT THE DESTRUCTION OF SLAVERY.

The following extract of a letter received from a noble-hearted friend of the slave, in Walpole, exhibits that self-sacrificing spirit, and that untiring devotion to the cause of the crushed and imbruted bondman, which, if universally manifested by those who claim to be his friends, would, with the blessing of God, soon raise him from his degradation, and give him a practical residence on the great platform of *humanity*. We say to all who may read the extract, *Go and do likewise*.

"I and my young daughter pay a weekly contribution of a cent a week apiece, and more if we can get it. But, reading your address, it drew tears of real sympathy, and I have put in one shilling. I know it is but a mite, but receive it with my prayers. I wish I had more to give, but I have just paid our monthly allowance, and can send no more this time"

### PINDA:

#### A TRUE TALE.

By Maria Weston Chapin.

#### CHAPTER I.—A SHIP'S CABIN.

One dark night in the year 1836, an unusual stir took place on the deck of the good ship *Eli Whitney*, about to sail from Boston to Savannah. It was occasioned by the appearance of an officer, charged with a writ of *habeas corpus*, in favor of a supposed slave, who was known to have been carried on board by her master.

Slave-holders are accustomed to say that their victims cannot be persuaded to take their freedom, and to bring their own assertion as a proof of the merits of slavery. It was, therefore, an anxious moment for the friends of free-

dom on shore, while they waited to learn the result of the legal process by which they offered to the poor slave-woman, the freedom secured by the laws of Massachusetts, to all slaves brought under its jurisdiction by their masters.

Their anxiety was not without cause. Notwithstanding the statement of the officer that she was free;—notwithstanding the assurances of her master that she might do as she pleased, she refused to leave the ship. She was evidently both confused and alarmed, as well as undecided, for a few moments; but she finally persisted in remaining with her master, and, to the great pain of all the friends of freedom who were aware of the circumstance, she was carried away into slavery.

They felt a double grief;—not only for the individual in question, but for the reproach her course could not fail to bring upon their cause. *They* knew, for they had felt and reflected upon this subject, and had seen and known more than the heedless community in which they lived, gave them credit for, that there might exist a thousand reasons why this woman should wish to return to Savannah, without supposing her to be in love with slavery. But they knew also that advantage would be taken of the fact by the enemies of the cause, to prove that slaves do not wish to be free.

As they expected, the newspapers of the ensuing day were loud in censure of their “impertinent interference with gentlemen’s servants, who were wise enough to prefer slavery with their masters, to trusting themselves with these hare-brained philanthropists.”

#### CHAPTER II.—THE SLAVE HUT.

“Dear wife,” said Abraham to Pinda, as they stood by the door of his little hut, in the yellow moonlight of a Savannah evening,—“you must never lose another chance for freedom out of regard to me. Look here!” (digging in a little sand-heap and turning up his hoarded silver to the

rays.) "See what I have saved besides paying master ten dollars a month. You will want some of this at the North. Master has written to Mr. Mitchell to send you on to wait upon Missis in New Hampshire, because he feels sure of you, since that night on board the *Eli Whitney*. Dont cry, Pinda. If freedom don't part us, slavery will. When you get to the North, take the first chance and be off. Dont cry, Pinda, don't! See how nice I have got your trunk packed; and here is a list I got made of all the things in it; may be they have some law by which you can get the things again if you are obliged to leave them in master's hands at first. See here is the key—all safe. He has sold two or three boys lately, and our turn will come sooner or later."

This consideration helped Pinda to stifle her grief at parting from her husband. He might yet rejoin her;—they might yet be free and happy. She had no choice but to go to the North at the mandate of her master's agent; and she resolved, that night, to *stay* at the North, in the hope that her husband might find opportunity to follow her. When on board the *Eli Whitney* the chance for freedom had been presented to her, her mind had been convulsed by conflicting emotions. If she had not returned, her master, she knew, would have deemed it but a proper retribution to leave Abraham in a state of cruel uncertainty respecting her. Now, that part of the case was changed; and though the husband and wife parted in grief, it was grief mingled with hope.

#### CHAPTER III.—THE ANTI-SLAVERY MEETING.

On the 25th of January, 1837, the 6th annual meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society had called together a true hearted array of the sons and daughters of that ancient Commonwealth. "Not many rich—not many noble" were there, as the world counts riches and nobility; but of the rich in generous sympathy—the noble in their

devotedness to freedom, came a goodly multitude. Farmers, traders, and artisans—the fair and the dark—of English and of African descent, men, women and children, they thronged together with one heart and with one mind: the worthiest children of Massachusetts, by this token, that the trumpet-call of freedom came not to them in vain. During one of their *thirteen* sittings on that occasion, a stranger rose to speak. He was gentlemanly and prepossessing in his appearance, and every ear gave him attention. He was announced to the assembly as MR. LOGAN, of Savannah. He added that, though a slaveholder, he was also a Christian; and could he be convinced that slaveholding was condemned by Scripture, he would instantly renounce it; and he cited the case of Onesimus and Philémon, and the laws of Moses. The bible argument *against* slavery, (thanks to the labors of anti-slavery societies now the only one the New England people will receive,) was fully presented to him. His reply was, "You have said much that is true, and much that is new; but what is true is not new, and what is new is not true." He proceeded to declare that he still held himself open to conviction, and sincerely hoped that, if he were in the wrong, he might be convinced of it, though at present he saw no proof of it, either from Scripture or from the nature of slavery. "You call us men-stealers," he said "as if that could be branded as a sin, which was universally practised by the Patriarchs." "Well, Sir!" exclaimed a man of color who had more than once sprung upon his feet as the discussion proceeded; "what said the patriarchs themselves of it? *Indeed I was stolen*,—said the patriarch Joseph:—We *are* verily guilty concerning our brother! said the other sons of Jacob." Driven from this ground, the Southerner proceeded to enlarge upon the felicity secured to the slaves by the system. "Our servants are very happy," he said. "One of my own people had the opportunity presented her, last year, of leaving me. We were on board the Eli Whitney, down in your har-

bor here, just about to sail for the dreadful land of slavery ; but she would not quit me. They could not get her to do it. There is nothing she so much dreads as an abolitionist. She knows she is far better off as a slave than are your free women at the North. She told the other women on her return that "her missis' mother, in New Hampshire did more work in a day, than they were obliged to do in a week." She saw no charms in your boasted northern liberty."

Great pains were taken by the meeting that the lonely advocate of slavery should have no reason to think himself unkindly or unfairly dealt with, because he was in a minority of one. Men checked themselves in their expressions of detestation for his sentiments, lest he should suppose that they had a disposition to deny him opportunity for the fullest presentation of them.

At the close of the meeting, more than one of the members invited the stranger to share the hospitalities of their homes. They hoped, by their private conversation and kindly reception, to assure him that it was the best good of the South and of the whole country that they sought, in their labors for the abolition of slavery. Their houses were open day and night to the fugitive slave, and they hoped that good might, in this instance, result from opening them to the slaveholder.

"Mamma!" exclaimed a little girl of six years old, who pressed closer to the side of her parents as she heard Mr. Logan accept an invitation to dine with them, "oh! if you please, mamma, let me dine with Aunt Mary." "It is not convenient to day, Elizabeth," replied the mother. "But, mamma! I cannot bear to sit down to dinner with a man who sells little children."

#### CHAPTER IV.—THE MORNING CALL.

If my readers are Bostonians, they cannot have failed to pass through West Street, one of the avenues leading from the Common to Washington Street. On the left side of

it they will recollect stables and carriage manufactories—on the right, a row of brick dwellings. It was in the drawing-room of one of these houses, that the conversation I am about to relate, went on between the mistress of the mansion and a visitor. Both ladies seemed "on hospitable thoughts intent." "The Logans are Presbyterians, I learn," said the visitor, "and so I shall ask all our orthodox friends to meet them. I think they will be altogether more likely to be impressed by the arguments and conversation of those of their own denomination."

"When do you receive them?" rejoined the lady of the house.

"This evening," was the reply. "I am on my way there now, to invite them."

Here the conversation was interrupted. — "Some one wishes to speak with you a moment." Apologizing to her friend, the lady descended to the hall. The person in waiting informed her that, as he was crossing the street near the Providence Rail-road, he had observed a woman of color standing in the way, as if doubtful where to go. She had on her head only the turban that constitutes the head-dress of the Southern female slave, and her whole appearance bespoke her condition.

"Are you a slave?" he said. "Yes; my master sent for me to come to him, but I cannot find the way."

"Do you wish to be free?"

"Yes."

"Come with me, then;"—and he conducted her to the nearest anti-slavery dwelling, which chanced to be the one where we have seen our two ladies in conversation.

They set food before the travel-worn stranger, and bade her depend on them that no one thing that her case required should be left undone.

*To be concluded in the next No.*